

The MAID of Primrose Hill

A New S O N G.

To the MALBOROUGH Tune.

TWAS under Primrose Hill there liv
A sweet and pretty Maid,
Not Venus cou'd give more d light,
When you her charms survey'd;
For the lillies fair,
And the roses there,
They did combine,
And both entwine,
To form a beauty rare,

This fair one many suitors had,
But treated them with scorn,
'Till William who could play and dance,
Came piping o'er the lawn;
He sung so sweet,
Was dress'd so neat,
That maidens fair,
They did declare,
Their love for William great.

Sweet Maid of Primrose Hill, he cry'd,
I come a wooing here,
Then do not you my love reject,
Nor treat it too severe;
For my heart so true,
Is fix'd on you,
I'll constant be,
To only thee,
Thou flower of rosy hue.

The Maid she gave her head a toss,
Reply'd with scornful air,
I wonder that you can to me,
Your fruitless love declare;
For suitors great
In land estate,
Have offer'd me,
Their bride to be,
So you do come too late.

Then William hung his head with grief,
And said proud girl adieu,
I'll quit your charms for war's alarms,
And glory I'll pursue;
For love shall yield,
To Mars the field,
The fife and drum,
Invite to come,
I'll poise the spear and shield.

Then with a smile she call'd him back,
And said dear William stay,
I did but jest to try your love,
So go not now away;
Then with a kiss,
He seal'd his bliss,
She did agree,
His bride to be,
And nam'd the happy day.

They to church they went with sweet content,
The bells rang, all was joy,
Their hands were join'd in hymen's bands,
Their bliss will never cloy,
For they love all day,
At night toy and play,
Who'll so happy be,
As he and she,
For their lives are always May.